

THE XXXth. OF JANUARY.
OR, AN
ANNIVERSARY.
BEING A POEME
DEDICATED
TO THE QUEENE
OF GREAT BRITTAINE,
AT THE LOVRE:

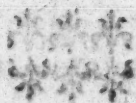
January the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 30.^{th} \\ 20.^{th} \end{array} \right.$



Printed at PARIS. M.D.C.LII.

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Printed by J. Smith
in the Strand



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TO
THE ROYALL MAJESTIE
OF

HENRIETTA MARIA

Queene of great Brittain, Franco,
and Ireland, &c.

MADAM,

It is now high time that your Princely Eyes should no longer contract redness from teares but a brave fire from Revenge, That you should deal with your Passion as the generous ORMOND with that infamous fire-brand of the world that Canker to the Royall Stock and Branches CROMWELL, suffer it to possesse some Outskirts and frontiers of your Soule, that by the expansion of his ineroachments its Spirits may be wasted and layd open for Ruine; And your victorious Reason (contracting all its forces)

Sweep all such treacherous Invaders from the face of the world, and leave nothing of it in Nature but a Memory, which may make it stinke to all Posterity.

PORCIA'S Coales are of no further use for despaire, all they can bee serviceable in, is to create a flame to which the barbarous Rebels must be fuell, and the fire may bee a Purifier to the Region of Sovereignty, clearing all the Ayre from those two greatest Plagues to Order and Mankind Rebellion and Rigidite. God has now ripened them for the Sickle of Revenge; it is highly opportune to shake them from the trees of Authority and Rapine whereon they hang, and since hanging is naturall for such Gomorrah Apples, Tyburne in England is the properest place in the world for such fruits, if their rottennesse bee not too violent Eye-sores to the view, and of too great a Stench to the Nostrils of Passengers.

The 30.th of January shall bee reckoned amongst those Ominous dayes which are fatall to the repose and safetie of Nations, which though it antecede beere that in ENGLAND by tenne dayes, yet my passion of Revenge, and my engagement to follow that Standard of your Heroick Sonne, which must carry with it a Restitution of the World to Lawes, Libertie, Religion, Conscience, and all Obligations divine and Humane, hath made mee make use of the Kalender in FRANCE, and present an Anniversary upon the most horrid Murther the Sunne ever view'd; not to stirre up your un-exampled Pietie to Teares, but to awake your owne Royall and all other Loyall Bosomes to revenge; which, when it shall breake forth in its just magnitude and demensions, the Rebels will confesse, that Our long Silence is like a Calme, whose

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unsuf-

unsuspected tranquillity is followed by nothing
lesse dangerous then totally subverting Earth-
quakes, or universally consuming Thun-
ders.

M A D A M E.

The Persian Princes had a constant
Monitor to remember them of Greeke affronts
and injuries, may this Anniversary bee your
Remembrancer that all Europe is engaged to
your assistance; that you have a fate more no-
ble impending then to live in exile, or un re-
venged; that you have a Sonne, who, by his
fiery persecutions and Vertues, will, one day,
make good in his examples, all which is ever
related of the most excellent Princes; That
there is a Nation which with infinite groanes
implures its restitution to Monarchy, its re-
demption from Rebellion; in which it is fa-
tally captivated and engulphed, and (which,
M A D A M E, deserves a Lower ranke amongst
these more Majestique concernments) let it
bee

(1)

bee a speaking testimony to the World, that I
am (in Spight of all Revolutions occasioned
by Thieves, Rebels, and
Regicides.)

Your M A J E S T I E S,

and all your Royall Families,

Most humble, and never
changeable Servant and
Subject,

S. C.

(?)
 for a further testimony to the World, that
 we (in sight of all Resolutions recorded
 by the Court, Records, and
 Records)

Tom M A F E S T I E S
 and all your Royal Family

and all your Family
 and all your Family
 and all your Family

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ALLEGIANCE TO THE

MEMORY OF OUR LATE MURDERED

SOVERAIGNE CHARLES THE I.

Such was the Pride of Murther in our loss,
 To dubbe the Scaffold equall to the Cross.
 Since the world's *Crucifixe*; all butcheries
 The *Jury* finds Chance-Medley, unto this.
 The Primitive and Modern *Martyrs* all,
 Members of CHARLES his Body Myſticall.
 The univerſall *Bill* of Martyrdome,
 In him, contracted to a *Total Summe*.
 'Tis thought thy Saviour, only *Prieſt*, would dye,
 And leave his Kingly ſufferings to thee.
 In Life and Death his *Vice-roy*, as if all
 His Offices were *Hypoſtaticall*.

How durſt they think hee mortall was, or ſay
 He leſſe then *Angels*, were aſſumed Clay?
 Fool'd Tyrant Wretches who believe him dead,
 Who from *Humanitie* but vaniſhed.
Faith being weake, a *Demonſtration's* He,
 To looſe the Riddle of *Theanthropie*.
 To all Religious underſtanding Eyes,
Humanitie was but his Late diſguiſe.

But so much *Deity* may justly grudge,
~~to be~~ *condem'd*, and *Barrab'is* his Iudge.
 When every drop of Bloud hee shed, was much
 Too precious, to redeem the *Soules* of such.
 For had old *ADAM* spawn'd no better seed,
 Th' *Eternall Sonne* had never liv'd or dyed.
 If his *Posterity* had all been such,
 The bloud of Bulls and Goates had been too much.
 Lord, was it not enough, thy selfe to dye,
 But thou must suffer too by *Deputie*?
 Who his pure Breath a prey to Villaines gave,
 Not worthy to be *Sextons* to his Grave.
 Shov'ling his *Monarchy*, as if it must
 Follow like *Earth* to *Earth*, and Dust to dust.

How will the *Hoogen* *Chandlers* scorn our fate,
 When *Hewson* vamps and underlayes the State?
 When *Pards* in *Ale*, and *Dray-man* *Bosse* shal sing
 I've slaine *Goliath* with a *Small-Bee* Sling.
 And drawne out *Royaltie* so neere the *Lee*,
 This Hand must tappe a well hopp'd *Anarchie*.
 Their *Baboy-Generall* is a fine thing,
 Such I have seene, in *Childrens* feasting, *King*.
 Whose bloody *Treasons* onely him engage
 As *Obligation* sealed under age.
 Now all's dispatch'd; we've hee demanded why
 He must send *Post* to *Cromwell* for a *Lye*.
 'Tis time to passe from this infernall hole,
 From whom I rise as from the *Nethermost*.

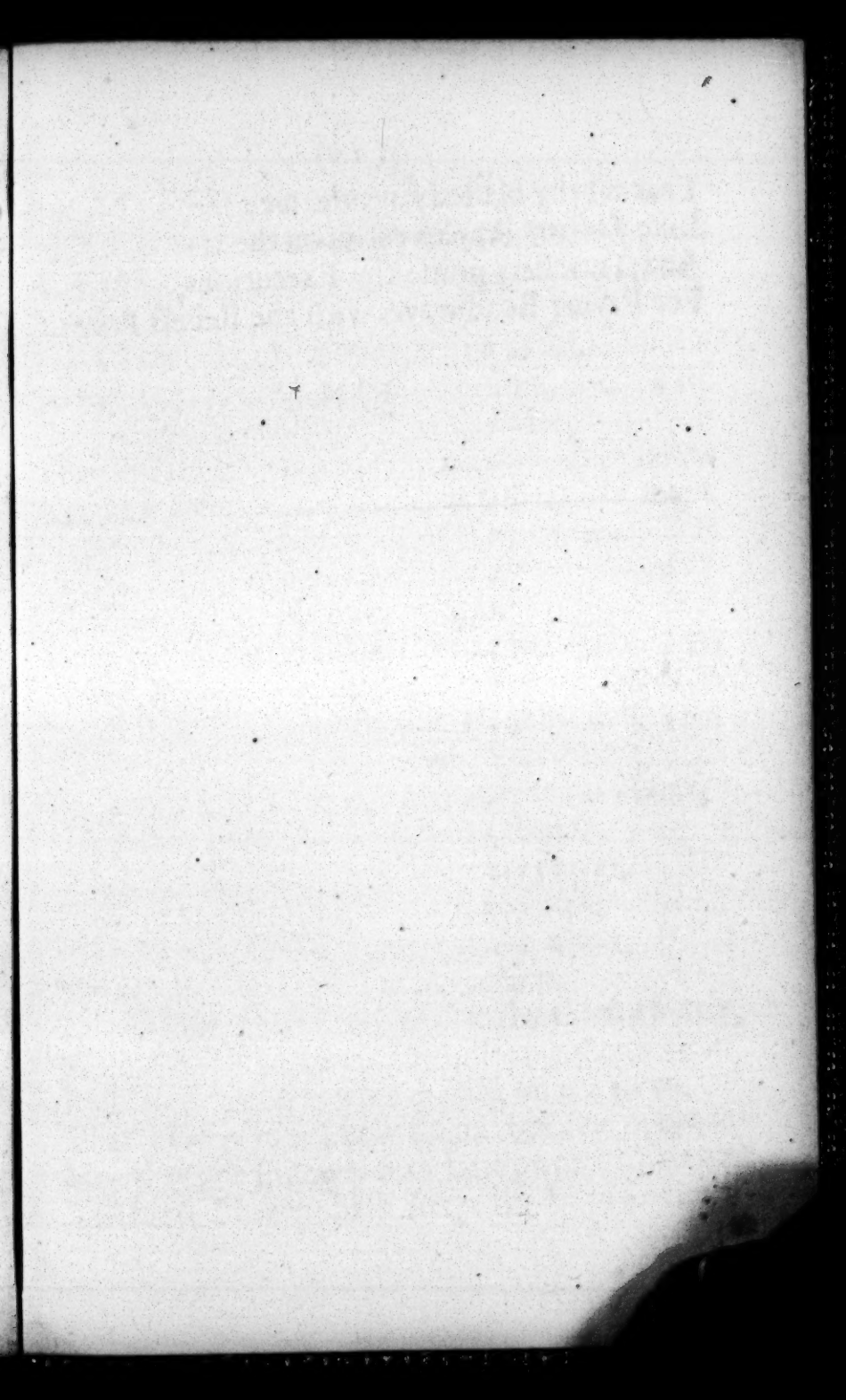
And passe, as through a *Purgatorie flame*,
 To a prepared Blisse in CHARLES his Name.
 Whil'ft I with trembling and Religious care,
 Doe goe unto my mourning, as my *Prayr*,
 I doe repent, I have prophan'd his Herse,
 And Sacred Ashes, with un-hallow'd Verse,
 To whom, as one Religious Votarie,
 Three Pilgrim Kingdomes owe their Pietie.
 Though *Saint's* too mean a Name for him, wee
 His Vertues Canoniz'd him below :
 In Navigation, as the *Mariner*
 Steer's not by th' *Pole*, but by the neereft *Starre*,
 So that devotion erres not from the *Text*
 Which hee inspires, whose Vertue was the *next*;
 So farre the same, they differ not at all,
 But as the Copie from th' *Originall*.
 GOD did to him so much his Likenesse deale,
 'T might seem his second Precept to repeale,
 Whose indisputable Divinity,
 None (but this *Arrian* army) dares deny.
 And now, to view his Constellation,
Sadduces yeeld a *Resurrection*.
 So hee all Heresies seemes to confute,
 Which, at his Masters death, were in dispute.
 Cloath'd now with Light no Contrary he knowes,
 Except the utter darkness of his *Foes*.
 What Comets should have ushered his fall,
 Doe waite as *Torches* at his Funerall.

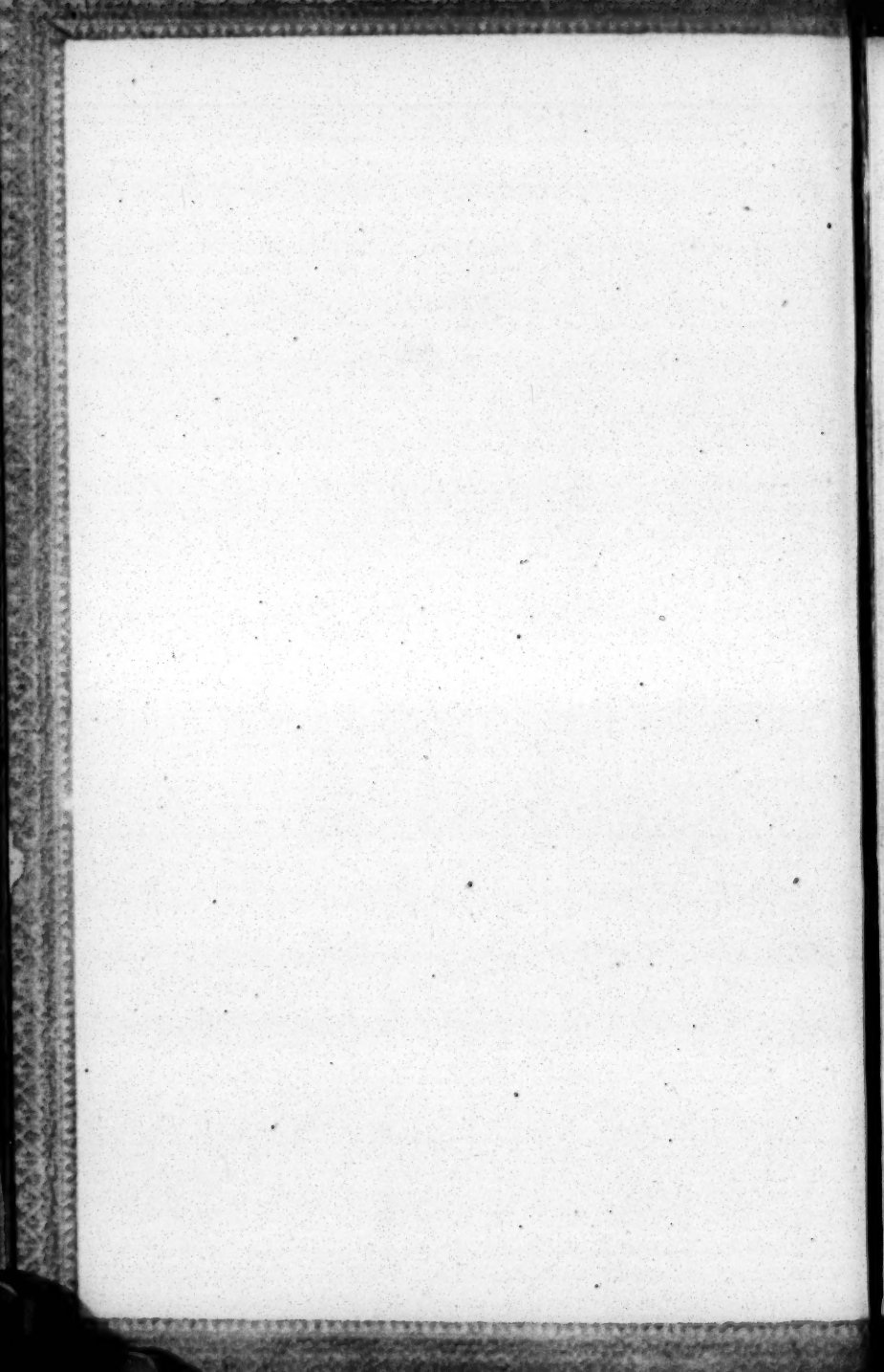
Hee so be-dayes the Night, th' *Astrologer*
 That God hath snuff'd the *Firmament* does swear.
 He appeares not only Starre to every sence,
 But Spheare; and hee his owne Intelligence.
 So glorious, that this Riddle he begets,
The Sunne then solely rises when hee sets.
 Whose Guid his saving light is, ere they rest
 Shall over-take the Wise-men of the *East*.
 Who so his wisdomes just Admirer is,
 Sayes *Solomon's* was Typicall to his.
 Had they, and *Shebah's* Queen, liv'd at one time,
 With what desire would shee have Cuckol'd Him!
 Although his Continenace was so divine,
 He it alone embrac'd as Concubine.
 A *Vestall* might have layne with Him in Bed,
 And rise with her Religious Mayden-head.
 How did hee in St. *Michael's* Angell-vein
 Confute those *Devils* which durst him arraigne!
 If wee the Muster-roll of *Virtues* call, (all.
 The Name of CHARLES may answer for them
 As what wee attribute to God must be
 It selfe, the absolute Divinitie.
 So *Reason* coupled with moralitie,
 This Definition gets that they were hee.
 Who now for eyther seekes (hee being spent)
 Without a *Substance* lookes for *Accident*.
 But, as the *Sunne* sets only unto Us,
 And never shines him-selfe lesse glorious,

Our *Sol's* eclipse was to improve his Light;
 But smother us in an *Aegyptian* Night.
 As Earth-quakes doe destroy from Mile to mile,
 And fast foundations Filip Crosse and Pile,
 The Center yet being never stirr'd at all;
 So wee (not CHARLES) are bruised in his Fall.
 His Execution was his Subject's Paine,
 They lost their *King*, and yet their *King* doth raigne;
 Not as a Deaths-head Shell, or a Grave-Stone,
 Memento's are for Mortals of their owne.
 In this sad Paper every one may see,
 His Epitaph, in his owne Elegie.
 Without a Contradiction 't may bee said,
Though hee did Dye, not hee, but wee are Dead.
 What dying life is ours, that He must dye,
 And wee, that doe survive him, Putrifie?
 But stay his Urne is warme; and, at his Name,
 His Ashes start, and wake into a flame.
 Through all the Shop of sublunary things,
 Two are immortall, *Phœnixes*, and *Kings*.
 Like Angels, each a Species, makes alone,
 Yet neyther dyes without Succession.
 Draw, draw, great Son; and let thy thirsty Steele,
 Their Bowels tappe till thy full vengeance reele.
 Ride like a Whirle-wind driving on the flond,
 That *Thames* may know no full Sea, but of bloud.
 Hee that not followes may be drowne ith' Streame
 Till brave Revenge hath swept the Land so cleane
 That

That all thy blasted Enemies wee see;
Like *Sodomes* Apples rot upon the tree;
And Travellers praise thy Executions,
For Paying Road-ways with the Rebels Bones.

FIN.





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